HYMN VI.

MERCY.

I.

O Sweet — attentive to the pray'r,
Ye forward hope and ſtave deſpair;
Thro' Chriſt his blood divinely ſpill'd,
Tremendous ruin to rebuild.

Tho'

II.

Tho' high above the great and juſt,
Yet thou deſcendeſt to the duſt;
Both to the ſovereign and the ſlave,
Nor quit'ſt the monument and grave.

III.

O let me like the righteous die;
And ſo I ſhall if thou art by!
The viol in thy hand uprears,
My Saviour's blood, my Saviour's tears.

IV.

Come, Cherub, come, poſſeſs my ſoul,
All wrath and bitterneſs controul:
If thou thy charming pow'rs beſtow,
I'll ſhew thee to my verieſt foe.